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governments is gradually becoming enlightened, and the tone and character of both the civil and military services are improving. India is no longer looked upon, by those whose lives are cast in it, as a country to be fleeced. No rich nabobs come home now to be laughed at on the stage, ill-tempered, yellow with jaundice and curry, jingling their ill-made fortunes in their pockets. Such crimes as those upon which Burke poured out the vehement lightning of his indignation belong to a past age. Men stimulated to exertion by the vast field that is open before them, and encouraged by seeing the speedy good results of their work, devote talents, energy, life itself, to the service of India, and die in harness in the prime of their days and at the summit of usefulness, like Thomason and Elliott, or give up work and return home with health broken, but with the sense that it has been sacrificed in a good cause, like Cautley. The night in which false religion, tyranny, and war have enveloped India, is giving place to the day of Christianity, good government, and peace. We see, indeed, only the dawn of this new day. But the glow of the morning is in the East, and the first streaks of light are reflected brightly in the flowing waters of the great Ganges Canal.

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#### ART. XII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Cleve Hall*. By MISS SEWELL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

THERE is perhaps nobody who writes stories now, (except Mr. Phoenix, our agreeable contemporary of "The California Pioneer,") who dares say at the end of a tale, "This story has no moral." The religious novel, for better or worse, takes the precedence in literature. And of the religion of novels, or the novels of religion, Miss Sewell has a right, from her length of service at the altar, to be described as the high-priestess.

It is a little remarkable, that, whereas everybody regarded her as the sole author of the books which were ascribed on the title-page to her and her brother, now, when "*Cleve Hall*" appears as her work only,

there should be such traces of another hand in it, as to make many readers think that she contributed the religious and didactic portions, and some other writer the melodramatic parts,—the smugglers, and, in general, the excitement. We doubt, on the whole, whether this suggestion is quite fair to Miss Sewell, who certainly has very remarkable power in story-telling, which, in a new walk, may assume such vivacity and spirit as to surprise even those who know her best. Now “Cleve Hall” certainly does exhibit her in a somewhat new walk. As if she had abandoned to Miss Yonge the especial “Church of England Novel,”—and with some reason,—she has written a book quite free from the peculiar machinery of the established church,—a book which other Protestants can read with complacency. She has laid herself out, and as we think very successfully, in delineating different shades of character, all of which we should pronounce good, and even estimable, if we saw them in life, while very different from one another. Very much harder is this delineation than the cool subdivision which describes Mrs. Percival as a fool, Agatha Percival as weak and wicked, and Margaret Percival as self-denying, stained with no fault but a transient insubordination to a church which was represented in her own home by an unprincipled man. The peculiarities of “Cleve Hall” seem to us to constitute an improvement on the system pursued in Miss Sewell’s other novels; and if this be not the best of her books in the novel-reader’s eye,—as perhaps it is,—it is certainly the best intended, on any standard which includes an estimate of its moral.

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2. — *Maud, and other Poems.* By ALFRED TENNYSON, Doctor of Civil Law and Poet Laureate. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855.

ONE must hesitate before he accepts the wreath of the Poet Laureate; for from that moment it seems as if the poet most loved, even most petted, were given over, as if he were a politician, to be food for unkind, biting comment, which he would have been wholly spared had not the Queen chosen him as her own. We are certain we have heard unkind things said of “Maud,” which would never have been said had Mr. Alfred Tennyson been a plain D. C. L.

Now there is no doubt that this poem is a charming rosary, strung of beads, very unlike one another, of playful, or sad, or meditative poetry, always poetry, and always natural, fresh, true, and new. Have we—if we study our rights carefully,—have we any right to ask more than this? Has any one promised us that “Maud” shall have a